

Am I empty?

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Am I empty?

by [MiaQc](#)

Summary

Remembering an excerpt from a French poem I had to write in high school, I decided to try to rewrite it as I remembered. Note that I haven't written poetry in years, and this is an adaptation into English, since keeping the same meaning's rhymes in different languages is impossible. For example, the girl's father had no name in the original version.

Poem. The tragic story of an "empty" girl.

- A translation of [Suis-je vide?](#) by [MiaQc](#)

Some say I'm as empty as an urn

Because I am taciturn

I don't know why they say that

Am I that empty, like a worthless caveat?

It is true that when I lived in the convent

The sisters found me strange, like in torment

They said that my emotions were nonexistent

Besides, I am a non-believer, so for them very inconsistent.

When my mother died of fears,

I did not shed any tears

To the great despair of my father James,

Who then went into the flames.

I went from the convent, from one family to another

Without feeling yours, like earth mother.

Finally, I ask myself while looking at my hand

Like a strange reprimand.

Am I really empty, as they say?

Am I really useless, as they say?

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